

(Continued from Page Twelve)

# The CASTLE OF LIES

BY ARTHUR HENRY VESEY  
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## CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

"At least it was easier. I perceived when I was about to despair. I was successful to this extent: Sir Mortimer agreed to have a secret meeting with the banker at this chateau—to-day."

"To-day?" I stammered. "And Sir Mortimer is dead?"

"I learned of his death when you were in the kursal with me."

"You need say no more. I understand why you have brought me to the chateau only too well. A just fate snatched from your lips the cup of success. But fate dashed one cup from your hand only to tempt you with another. I have seen for myself that I bear a sufficiently marked resemblance to deceive one who has known Sir Mortimer but slightly. Perhaps Kuhn has never actually met Sir Mortimer."

"Never!" interrupted Madame de Varnier, her voice trembling.

"And you wish me to do—what?"

"An interview of half an hour and the destinies of a nation will be changed. Oh, I know that the move is a desperate one. Its audacity is the best augury of success. Look, I give you power such as few men have held. Sir Mortimer lies in that room dead. But there are four people only who know of his death: Dr. Starva, Alphonse, myself, and yourself. One hour after this interview, if you will be given, out that he has died suddenly from heart failure. But in the meanwhile the interview between yourself and the banker will have taken place."

"Woman, you are mad," I cried scornfully. "Let us suppose for the moment that this interview has taken place between myself and the banker. Let us say that the deception has proved to be completely successful. The loan is promised to Ferdinand, but how is that promise to be made good? There are papers to be signed and attested—there are checks to be drawn and receipts to be given. Who is to sign these documents—who is to sign the receipts? I, the false Sir Mortimer? Egregious folly! Your fanaticism has run away with your common sense. There is no pressure on earth that could make me consent to your scheme. Your banker would not be so great a fool as to be deceived. I say again, even if I consented, did you think he would hand out a package to you containing millions as a grocer passes a packet of soap across the counter to a customer?"

"That I should even discuss the matter with her at all seemed to her a hopeful sign. She drew her chair closer to me. I regarded her disdainfully. For a clever woman, her scheme seemed to me preposterous on the face of it."

"Do you think, my dear monsieur, that the perplexities you mention have not occurred to me?" She was violently scornful in her turn. "Yes, and there are a hundred others. But I have thought of them all. Money? I have not mentioned money or checks or receipts. I am not quite an imbecile. I have arranged all that. You have simply to see this Kuhn. There will be no discussion. You will lay before him an ultimatum. If he agrees, a document will be given to him promising on the part of England her moral support. This document will have been officially sealed by the minister of the British Foreign Office. It will already have the signature of Sir Mortimer Brett."

"She leaned close to me. Her breath was in my face. Her eyes were liquid fire. Because I was silent for the moment she imagined me tempted. But if I were silent it was because my scorn was too great for utterance."

"A forgery!" I said at last.

"Listen. The document itself is of total. It awaited merely the signature of Sir Mortimer Brett."

"How was that obtained, since Sir Mortimer is dead?"

"Dr. Starva is a clever penman. That is why he is a clever penman."

"I sprang to my feet, pushing back my chair so abruptly as to overturn it. Dr. Starva's name was a red flag to goad me to enraged impatience."

"And this is the forgery that is to save a nation!" I cried in fierce contempt. "I say again and again, you are a fool—a fool to think that your scheme can be successful!"

"Will England repudiate an act of her minister because he dies shortly after attesting it? I tell you, monsieur, I have counted the chances. I shall succeed!"

"And the loyalty of Dr. Starva? You may count on that? I am willing to believe that your mad project has been planned with the hope that it may benefit your oppressed race. I will give to you the doubtful virtue of fanaticism. But that arch-bend Starva—it is impossible that he be influenced by an unselfish motive. That death-mask, did you know its significance till last night? Madame de Varnier, be advised by me before it is too late. You have said I am your enemy. It is true. If I have come to this chateau as your guest, it was to spy on you—to learn what I have just learned."

"Do you think I have been blind to that?" she interrupted, smiling disdainfully.

"Had the treachery been absent—the foul play of thugs and murderers not been resorted to—I should still have refused to aid you. But when I find myself secretly watched while I am your guest—when I am perilously offered a drug, which, by the way, I did not take—when I see an English gentleman treated with the violence of the Middle Ages—lastly, when the woman whom I have sworn to help is shot at by a lurking villain—I have a right to my revenge. I shall have it. Be sure of that."

"You say that Starva attempted to murder Helena Brett?"

"Scarcely two hours since," I returned, trembling with rage. "Now, Madame de Varnier, I have listened to you patiently. Listen to me. I shall have justice. You have chosen to ally yourself with a forger, a thief, and a would-be murderer. You will be dragged down with him unless you throw yourself on my mercy. Great God, your madness reaches its apotheosis in this: you resort to every crime that you may bring freedom a little nearer to your precious Macedonians; and I know, as absolutely as if he had confessed to me, that Dr. Starva is one of the band of assassins who has doomed to a violent death the very messiah you look to for succor."

"She stared at me a full half minute."

"You wrong me," she protested mockingly. "And you wrong yourself. I am not so stupid as to expect you to take these typewritten copies for granted. Nor am I so stupid as to trust the originals in your hands. You might destroy them, for instance."

"Again it looks like a deadlock. The burden of proof lies with yourself. As you say, I am not familiar with the handwriting of Sir Mortimer. Who is to vouch for its genuineness?"

"One whose word you will scarcely doubt—the sister of Sir Mortimer."

"I raised my clenched hand. Her cruel smile made me for the moment forget her sex. If she had been a man I think I could have killed her then."

"Then, that was your message. You have sent for her?"

"She will be waiting in the music room below. It is for you to say if she is to be spared the ordeal. You will cause her the suffering, not I."

"I lowered my hands slowly. 'I have laughed at the old doctrine of the personality of the devil. I believe it now. Show me the papers.'"

"Let us understand each other first. In this envelope are copies of certain dispatches and notes made by Sir Mortimer. The originals are in a safe that is in the third room yonder. You will examine these copies. It will be for you to determine whether Miss Brett is to be the final arbiter of Sir Mortimer's guilt or innocence."

"And if I refuse to call on Miss Brett?"

"Sooner or later she shall see these papers."

"What advantage will that be to you when I have failed to be a partner to your nefarious intrigues."

"I shall be revenged on you, monsieur. Her eyes glittered. 'And my revenge will be profitable. The Russian or Austrian governments would pay a long price for the papers in the safe, M. Comand.'"

"I will give you your own price for them," I said hoarsely.

"And be robbed of my revenge? They are beyond price. Come, you weary me with questions. Are you ready for the proofs?"

"One moment. Those dispatches were stolen from Sir Mortimer's apartments that night at Vitznau. You gained access to that apartment by passing me off as Sir Mortimer. Where did you find them? How did you know they were there?"

"Sir Mortimer had hidden them between the folds of a Venetian blind. That they were concealed in his rooms at Vitznau was told Dr. Starva by Sir Mortimer himself. When he had left Sofia for Lucerne he was very ill. He was accompanied only by his physician, his nurse, and his valet. I need hardly say that Dr. Starva was the physician; myself, the nurse; and Alphonse, the valet. But Lucerne savored too much of publicity for our plans. Even Vitznau was not desirable, especially in view of the alarming state of Sir Mortimer's health. This chateau was our rendezvous. But on the way here Sir Mortimer suffered a collapse."

"Dr. Starva remained with his patient. I returned to Lucerne to throw off suspicion as to our movements. In an obscure village in the mountains Sir Mortimer died. Or, rather, it was not Sir Mortimer Brett, Minister of His Britannic Majesty at Sofia, but a Mr. Stanley Walters, an obscure English tourist."

"I regret to say that before he died Sir Mortimer felt some misgivings as to his conduct. He realized that the end was near, and that sooner or later the proofs of his dishonesty would be discovered. In his delirium he saved continually of certain incriminating documents hidden in his room at Vitznau. His unexpected death filled Dr. Starva with consternation. He joined me in Lucerne, thinking that our schemes had utterly failed."

"In the meanwhile you had met one who might yet rescue your plans from failure. The rest I can guess. Secretly you had the body of Sir Mortimer conveyed to this chateau. Provided your tool could be coaxed or browbeaten into submission—Enough of this horrible story. Show me the papers."

(To Be Continued.)

My reflections were rudely disturbed. I made deals with the housing of the working people of the world and makes the comparison between the horrible tenements where the bulk of the workers of our large cities live, or rather half exist, and the tenement houses in Berlin for the workers. It seems to me that the government came to the wise conclusion that those who did the work of the country should be in good physical condition, or the work would fall to be good. To ensure good citizens, the children of the workers should have good surroundings, healthful houses to live in, safe play

grounds, and be kept out of the factories. So wise Berlin has had the working men build houses for themselves under the city's supervision. England has not learned her lesson, although when she was confronted with the Boer war her army recruits were poor, half starved, undersized men out of the horrible slum districts. The slums in the cities of the United States are in as bad condition as London. It is time for us as a nation, to work for prohibition from the vile condition which begets the desire for

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The savagery of the czar, in place of abating, is distinctly on the increase, as is shown by the death roll of the year. In the earlier part of the year the government was moving cautiously and in February there were only 37 summary sentences of death. This jumped to 183 in September, to 201 in October, 296 in November and 327 for December.

Matters have come to such a pass that even the patient and reactionary fourth duma is becoming aroused, and in the debates on the budget which are now in progress the Octoberists are joining hands with the radical and Socialist elements of the duma to determine an investigation of the spread of martial law throughout the empire.

Demand Investigation.

The Socialists are further demanding an investigation of the methods by which the inquisition of prisoners is carried on. Sworn document after sworn document is being presented to show that torture and brutality of the most horrible sort are being used on defenseless witnesses, as well as on those charged with crime. In the effort of the dreaded Third Section to secure information concerning those who had part in the great revolution of 1905.

It has been declared on the floor of the duma that the barbarities of the czar's police outdo anything of the kind in recorded history of the world, especially in the examination, so-called, of witnesses. The various radical newspapers of Europe are taking up the matter and agitation against Russia because of the conditions pictured in the duma.

WORK—AND DIE!

"I've seen a good deal in the papers lately about the length of the bread lines and the thousands of men who are out of work," said Street Cleaning Commissioner Edwards; "well, there needn't be any bread lines for a few days at least if the men really want work," he added, and he issued a call for 10,000 men to shovel snow at 25 cents an hour.

There can be little doubt that Commissioner Edwards is today complacently patting his complacent belly as a demonstrator of the theory that poverty is not involuntary; that he who wants work can always get it; and it is only the idle and shiftless who stock the bread lines. There can be little doubt Commissioner Edwards will even back up his conclusion with statistics. The needed 10,000 men did not respond. Several thousand did. Of these not a few quit early. Many more thousands "didn't care to work," "were too lazy."

Commissioner Edwards may be left to enjoy his self-complacent conclusions. The incident furnished by him is more important.

Man wants work—in order to live, not as a means to hasten his death. Man wants work—not for the sake of work, but for the purpose of laying up wealth after having resigned the issues expended in work. There is a statute in the state that punishes at attempt at suicide. If mere bodily exertion "is work," then the suicide worked. The work that kills the worker is not the work he can be understood to hanker after. And yet, that is the work that 10,000 victims of capitalism were summoned to do, and which their declination to undertake is construed as an evidence of their being lazy.

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blowing a gale, with one's feet in the slush—may be, is "healthy exercise," as Commissioner Edwards puts it. But, then, to expect this work of a man without furnishing him the proper clothing, shoes and headcover, is as absurd as to expect a soldier to enter a campaign in his bare feet. To shovel snow is "healthy work," but it is tissue-consuming work. To demand such work at 25 cents an hour—indefinitely less than required to restore the expenditure of tissue—is to decree suicide.

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MODERN METHODS.

Modern commerce is an organized cheating—Franklin.

You cannot increase the wealth of society by cheating in exchange, although it is an undeniable fact that you can increase your own wealth by doing so. For every cheater there is a cheatee. The capitalist is the cheater and the workers are the cheatees. The function of the latter is to increase the wealth of society, the privilege of the former is to put that wealth into their private pockets. This privilege enjoyed by the capitalists is confirmed with enthusiasm by the workers every time they get an opportunity; yet the remarkable thing about it is that the workers are always bewailing their "hard lot." Sic transit.

SCORE ONE FOR THE U. S.

The Russian peasant, Rudowitz, who escaped from Russia, will not be sent back there to be tortured, although the miserable lackey who calls himself a man, decided against him in the trial. Fortunately for the honor of the country, the court was not the only tribunal. The secretary of state has the last word and he decided that Rudowitz was a political exile and according to the constitution, he could not be returned. This decision must give relief to thousands of Russian refugees in the United States. The following article from the San Francisco Examiner, tells of the reign of terror existing in Russia today:

WHAT ARE THE CHRISTIANS DOING?

From whose lips comes the slander that Socialism would destroy the home? It comes often, very often, from the lips of the Christian apologists of the plutocracy.

"Over one hundred American homes desolated every day to recruit the ranks of shame," said Mrs. Edholm. Think of this, ye who boast of America's civilization; ye who slander Socialism!

Between 20,000 and 35,000 workmen lose their lives in "accidents" in the course of their employment in this country during a year. In addition there were near two million non-fatal accidents entailing suffering and shortening of life; besides the untold host that suffered premature death from disease due to occupation and insufficient nutrition.

A dozen years or so ago, Mrs. Edholm, at the session of the National Purity congress, declared that forty-six thousand "erring girls" are carted annually to the Potters' Field of the country. Their average life of shame being five years.

Christian civilization!

There are said to be some twenty odd millions of Christians in the country; what are they doing against the conditions that drive these "erring" women to sell their bodies?

The sweat shops, and the factories, resound to the groans of helpless children, and frail women. Does organized Christianity hear their groans, what is it doing about it?

What is Christianity doing?—It is sitting at the feet of the apostles of wealth—Weekly People.

THE UNION.

Our much maligned labor movement is, in the language of Gladstone, "The bulwark of democracy." It has done more than any other agency to raise to a higher standard of life the working people of our country; it has protected the weak and the helpless against the strong and avaricious; it has taken the child from the mine and the mill and the factory; it has liberated the women from the garret, the sweatshop, and the hovel; it stands for education, for religion, and for morality; it has restrained the impetuous and stayed the violent; it has given courage to the timid, and has to the despairing; it has stood for construction and improvement, and against destruction and debasement; it reaches out the right hand of fellowship to the fair and human employers; it has stood like a rock against the inconsiderate, the grasping and the inhuman employer; it stands for law and order; it opposes anarchy and turbulence; it stands for progress, for modernity, and for liberty; it stands for self-respect, for decency and dignity. Its members have proven loyal and true to their country in times of peace and in times of war.

From the guilds of New England came Paul Revere and the immortal minute men. The example set by the union ship caulkers in Boston harbor has been emulated by the trade union workman in every crisis of the nation's history. We would be unworthy sons of a noble heritage if we should falter now in defending within the law the judicial usurpation of the priceless concepts of freedom which are guaranteed by our constitution to us and to our descendants and to all the people of our country.—Samuel Gompers.

No truer words were ever uttered. No grander sentiment expressed than are found in the above quotation. Only a casual glance at the history of the

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Under the Auspices of the OGDEN TRADES ASSEMBLY

GIVE US MEN.

God, give us men. A time like this demands

Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands:

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;

Men who possess opinions and a will;

Men who have honor—men who will not lie;

Men who can stand before a demagogue

And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog

In public duty, and in private thinking;

For while the rabble, with their thumb worn creeds,

Their large professions and their little deeds—

Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,

Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

CAN ONE BE A CHRISTIAN AND A "SCAB" AT THE SAME TIME?

Some months ago I was asked the above question, and asked if some one would please answer. We have waited quite a long time for an answer and as no one has made the attempt, we will proceed to do so. Some may wonder why we asked the question at all. Our reasons are many, but chiefly because we see men professing to be Christians, and at the same time

refusing to join with their fellow-workmen in an endeavor to better their conditions; and further, doing those things which militate against such betterment.

The question naturally arose in our mind: How can a man do those things and still be a believer in the doctrines, and a follower of the Christ? But perhaps it would be proper to define the word "Christian" before proceeding further. A Christian, says Webster, is: "One who professes to believe, or is assumed to believe, the doctrine of Christ; especially one whose inward and outward life is conformed to the doctrines of Christ."

Then it naturally follows: what are those doctrines? As many people differ as to just what are the essential doctrines necessary to be observed. In order to conform to the meaning of the word, yet all are agreed as to the results of such observance. Let us then notice some of the results. The Christ, in speaking of his disciples (or the Christians) said: "Ye are the salt of the earth; that is, ye were to temper and season, and make this world palatable, or a fit habitation for all people. But if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men." In other words, if they failed in their mission they were no better than anyone else.

Again he said: "Ye are the light of the world." A light by which all people were to be led and guided through life into a bright world, for he said: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good work, and glorify your Father, which is in heaven." Good works, mind you, not

Marxian Club Socialists

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Untutored and unintelligent men resent it and return to the brutal instincts of the wild beast, when they are treated as these maintainers were. Men and women of intelligence recognize the lawlessness of so-called law in favor of money, and tracing the effect to the cause, are trying to clear the decks for action. Workmen are indifferent about their work because the contractors, who are bosses, de-

mand cheap work, so they may make more out of the job. Good work is not cheap. The man who loves to work for work's sake, is not wanted now; he is out of place in the "quick, hurry up" order of the day. Life is the chessman of the upper strata betrays the lawlessness of the under strata, and if those in between do not develop strength enough to break through both milstones, they will be crushed out and civilization will take a rest.

TENEMENT HOUSES

A recent article in Everybody's Mag-

azine deals with the housing of the working people of the world and makes the comparison between the horrible tenements where the bulk of the workers of our large cities live, or rather half exist, and the tenement houses in Berlin for the workers. It seems to me that the government came to the wise conclusion that those who did the work of the country should be in good physical condition, or the work would fall to be good. To ensure good citizens, the children of the workers should have good surroundings, healthful houses to live in, safe play

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